



MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS *of*
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ACADEMY

Feb. 1921

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The Race

J. O. A.



LANCASTER UNIVERSITY was situated in a small town in Louisiana. If you had been there on a certain Friday in May, 1920, you would have seen nearly all of the students making their way to the main athletic field, after school had been dismissed. The reason for this was that that afternoon there was to be a track meet among the students of the university in order to pick the ones who should represent Lancaster in the State track meet the next Saturday. The last event on the program was the mile run. For three years Tom Smith had won the right to represent Lancaster in the mile run in the state track meet, and three years he had won it. So when spectators saw Tom Smith line up with the others for the mile run, many of them started to leave, for most of them had already conceded him the race. But not all of them, because Dick Johnson, a freshman, who had signed up for the race, had a few friends who knew what he could do. They knew that two mile track records had been broken by him while in prep school, and so they were predicting that he would come out ahead. Most of the people said that Tom Smith could not be beaten, while Dick John-

son's friends insisted that Smith could be beaten, and that Dick was the man to do it.

After a few preliminaries, the starter fired the pistol and they were off. Fifty, eighty, ninety, one hundred yards were reeled off at a sickening gait. Smith and Johnson had left the others and were running neck and neck. The half-mile mark was reached with Dick slightly ahead, but Smith soon caught up with him and took a lead of about five feet. He increased it to about ten, but Dick lowered it to three. The stands gazed on in amazement. Here was a man, only a freshman, giving their champion the race of his life. The runners had just reached the three-quarters post when Dick stumbled and fell. He recovered himself in a few moments, but as Smith was already about ten feet ahead of him, his chance to win was gone. And so Smith was chosen as the one to represent Lancaster in the track meet. Although Dick did not win the race, he did one thing, he opened the eyes of Jack Brown, the coach of the Lancaster track team. When he saw Dick, followed by Smith, flash out in front of the other men at the very start, it gave him the idea of using Dick as bait, in the State Track Meet, for the men from the other universities. So that afternoon he called Dick to his office.

"Sit down," he said, offering him a chair. "I have a plan that will help us win that mile run next Saturday. Here it is. Both Smith and you are to start in the race. We are allowed two men, and after the showing you made yesterday, I don't think you should be left out. When the pistol cracks you are to jump ahead of the field and run as fast as you can. The other men will probably try to follow you, and get tired out. Then Smith, who is to keep in the rear until the last part of the race, can come forward and win. What do you think of it?"

Many a boy would have been glad, would have even felt honored, to have been selected to play such an important part in a race. But not so with Dick. He had been used to winning races himself, and he was not at all pleased to

think that he had been chosen for a minor role. Moreover, his father, mother, and a certain young lady were to be there, and Dick had set his heart on winning that race. When he heard Brown's proposition, his first impulse was to get up and walk out of the room. But then he thought, "I would only be a coward and a quitter to do that. If I can't win the race myself, I am going to do all I can to bring the victory to Lancaster." So, turning to Brown, he said: "It's a fine plan. If all of the others keep up with me for a half-mile they will scarcely be able to reach the three-quarters post."

"Very well," answered Brown. "Be at the gym at 9:30 sharp Saturday morning. Good-bye and good luck."

Saturday dawned bright and clear. A cool breeze fluttered the pennants in the grandstand, and kept the crowd in a good humor by keeping them cool. In the track meet, Lancaster and Baylor led the other universities in the number of points scored. When the time came for the mile run, the score stood, Lancaster 20, Baylor 22. The Lancaster rooters were hopeful, however, because, if they could win first place, the score would be tied, as the first place counted two points. If they could win the second place also, they would win the meet, as the second place counted one point. The starter lined the runners up and, "crack," went the pistol. Out from the crowd sprinted a red sweater at a dizzy gait. It was Dick, acting his part in the plan. He looked around and saw two men right on his heels. He increased his pace. They stayed with him, but he kept a slight lead. Very soon, however, the other men saw the trick and slowed up, while Dick, thinking they were still behind him, kept on. When he reached the half-mile post, his breath was coming fast, but he gritted his teeth and kept on. He turned to look for Smith who was nowhere in sight. Then Dick's imagination began to work, and he imagined Smith had broken his leg, or that something equally as bad had happened to him. He heard footsteps behind, and then the thought came

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THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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Recently we received a letter from an M. B. A. alumnus, who is going to college, and among the other things he said was the following: "I sure am having a hard time. But if I hadn't been such a fool while I was at M. B. A., and had studied more, my work now would be much easier. Take it from one who knows—if you want to get by in college, study while you are at M. B. A." Probably when you read this you will say, "Aw, this is old stuff!" And you are right, it is "old stuff." But there is nothing that can be said that is more true.

Your high school education is the foundation for your college work. And if you do not have a good foundation, you will merely waste your time going to college.

So, fellows, don't wait until the night before exams to study and then expect to get by. Because by steady, persistent study you will learn twice as much as by cramming the night before exams. And, after all, it isn't a question of whether you get by or not, but a question of how much you learn.

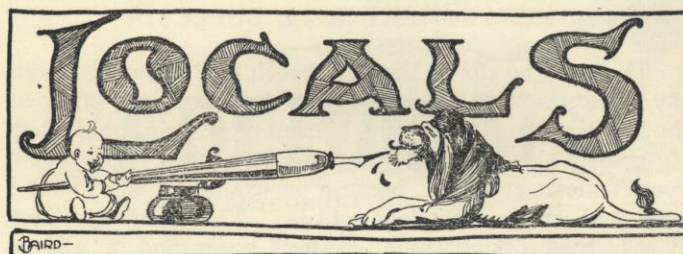
The boy who sits on the back bench in class, and answers the questions with one eye on the book and the other on the teacher, is really cheating himself more than the teacher. He goes to class every day and makes a good grade, but it doesn't mean anything, because on exams he is without a book, and consequently does not pass. There is no short cut, or easy road to knowledge; so don't try to find it. Others have tried and failed. So will you.

WHAT DOES YOUR SCHOOL MEAN TO YOU?

There have been boys at M. B. A. who, while here, never did anything worth mentioning to help their school. They no doubt reasoned that the reputation of the school was no help to them, so why should they trouble themselves about it? But is this true? Most assuredly no! What is the question you ask a new boy acquaintance? You ask him what school he attends, and you judge him, largely, from the reputation of that school. When you give the name of your school, Montgomery Bell Academy, you, too, are judged somewhat by the standing of that school and your accomplishments in the interest of that school. When you go out for athletics, debating, or any other form of school activity, you are not helping the school any more than you are helping yourself. Whether you are successful or not in your efforts matters little, if you have tried earnestly, for you make your successful competitors do better work on account of competition, and you influence others by your example.

Why do we respect those who accomplish things in our school? Because they have helped the school, and by so doing have helped us, for we are a part of that school, and whenever that school succeeds it gives us just that much of a boost. There is no better way for a man to boost himself than by boosting his school, and he will boost his friends at the same time.

J. M. C.



At the first separate meetings of the literary societies, the following officers were elected:

Robert Ewing Literary Society—Owen Allen, president; James Griffin, vice-president; William Martin, secretary and treasurer.

Clark Literary Society—Henry Bivins, president; James Crow, vice-president; Joe Prichitt, secretary and treasurer.

Freshman Literary Society—Robert Montgomery, president; Robert Stockard, vice-president; Hume Bracy, secretary and treasurer.

* * *

The election of class officers was also held recently, and the following were chosen:

Senior Class—Owen Allen, president; Philip Minton, vice-president; James Crow, secretary and treasurer; Philip Minton and James Crow, committeemen.

Fifth Form—Charley Russell, president; William Martin, vice-president; Owen Morris and Dexter Brown, committeemen.

Fourth Form—Bedford McCain, president; Perry Sawyer, vice-president; Bedford McCain and Sibley Burnett, committeemen.

Third Form—Ira Matthews, president; Robert Stockard, vice-president; Hume Bracy and Ben Gilbert, committeemen.

Second Form—Robert Love, president.

Perry Sawyer, William Martin, and Charles Russell were elected floating members of the school committee from the school at large.

From the *Peabody Volunteer*: "On returning from our Christmas holidays we noticed quite a number of boys who have come from a local prep school. They have come to inhale some of the Peabody learning and atmosphere."

From our experience with most of those boys, if they get any learning at all, they will have to inhale it, or get it by some other such method. How about it, Mr. Caldwell?

However, we wish Peabody great success with her inhaling process.

* * *

On January 21st, the boys of the school entertained with a most delightful dance, at which everyone seemed to have a fine time. The faculty and several other married couples served as chaperones. The dance was one of the best ever given at the Academy, and the boys who had charge of it are certainly to be complimented.

* * *

M. B. A. subscribed over \$200 for the European relief work.

* * *

Hurrah! The senior rings are here at last. We bet a slick dime to a wooden nickle that there will be a lot of sweet things sporting them shortly.

* * *

The "Nuts" have the right name. They need no badge or pin.

* * *

Russell (at Central Hi, just before the game): "Where are we going to play?"

Martin: "In the building where the chickens are shown every year."

Russell: "What's that for?"

Martin: "So we can get a lot of fowls."

* * *

He: "Have you read 'Freckles'?"

She: "Oh, no! That is only my veil."

MYSTERIES OF M. B. A.

Where Smoky Joe and Tot go every morning at the first period.

Why all the French 4 class make the same mistakes on written exercises. (Also Spanish 5.)

Why McMurray never misses a spelling word.

Why Prof. Cherry gave the Cicero Class a holiday.

Where all of the lunches go.

Why the back bench is so attractive in Spanish 4.

College algebra (ask Fletcher, Staley, etc.).

* * *

She: "You would be a good dancer but for two things."

He: "What are they?"

She: "Your feet."

* * *

He: "I wonder how Mary manages to preserve her complexion?"

She: "Oh, she just keeps it in a cool place, tightly corked."

* * *

THERE'S A REASON

Tommy: "I can't understand why my girl shook me."

Jimmy: "What did you say when you wrote to her the last time?"

Tommy: "I only said, 'Dear Mary: The dog I promised you is dead. Hoping this will find you the same. Yours, Tommy.'"

* * *

RETURNED WITH INTEREST

She (angrily): "If I were your wife, I would put poison in your coffee."

He: "And if I were your husband, I would drink it."

* * *

She: "What would you do if the building were to catch on fire?"

He: "Just open the windows and watch the fire escape."



At the annual football banquet, Alexander Brown was elected manager, and Perry Sawyer, captain of the football team for 1921. Both are hard workers and clean fellows and deserve the honors. Under their guidance next season, M. B. A. is coming back. So watch out High School, Peabody, and everybody.

* * *

M. B. A., 12; H.-F. H. S., 17

M. B. A. opened the basketball season by losing to High School in the "Y" gym on January 14th. High School started in with a rush and made four field goals before M. B. A. scored. This proved our undoing, as we were never able to overcome that lead. Score at end of first half, M. B. A., 5; H.-F. H. S., 11. In the second half, M. B. A. came back strong and nearly overcome High School's lead.

Our team had had very little practice when this game was played, and we are satisfied as a whole with their work. Call was individual star for M. B. A., making 8 of our 12 points. Line-up:

M. B. A.		H.-F. H. S.	
McEwen, Templeton	F.	Petty, Reeves	
Call, Russell	F.	Diamond, Reeves	
Holtom	C.	Coverdale	
Minton (c), Martin	G.	Perkins	
D. Brown, Manning	G.	Allen	

Summary—Field goals: Call, 3; Holtom, 1; Minton, 1; Coverdale, 4; Diamond, 2; Reeves, 1. Foul goals: Call, 2; Coverdale, 3. Referee: Sharp.

M. B. A., 23; PEABODY, 24

On January 19th our team, with a bushel of overconfidence, played Peabody in the Peabody gym, and lost by a small margin. The game was one of the most exciting ever played, as no one knew at one moment which team would be ahead the next. M. B. A. was slow getting started, and consequently Peabody rolled up a big score during the first few minutes of play. However, when our team did get warmed up, it made a grand rush, and at the end of the first half the score stood M. B. A., 14; P. D. S., 17

Then came the second half, the most thrilling and exciting part of the game. Both teams were determined to win and there was not a single slow minute. Peabody, about a minute before the end of the game, had a one-point lead. Then M. B. A. made a goal and took the lead. Peabody got the ball on the toss up at center and made another field goal just as the whistle blew. For M. B. A., Call and McEwen were the stars on the offense, the former making eleven points and the latter eight. Minton played a fine game at guard.

The line-up was as follows:

M. B. A.		P. D. S.
McEwen, Templeton	F.....	Anderson, Roberts
Call, Russell	F.....	Woolwine
Haltom	C.....	Burleson
D. Brown, Manning	G.....	Boyd
Minton (c), Martin	G.....	Dodson

Summary—Field goals: Call, 5; McEwen, 4; Haltom, 1; Minton, 1; Roberts, 4; Burleson, 3; Boyd, 1; Woolwine, 1; Anderson, 1. Foul goals: Call, 1; Boyd, 3; Roberts, 1. Referee: Welsh.

* * *

M. B. A., 31; C. H. S., 18

M. B. A. continued her winning streak by defeating Central High School in the latter's gym on February 8th. The game was fast and exciting during the first half, which

ended, M. B. A., 10; C. H. S., 10. In the second half, however, M. B. A. came back and overwhelmed C. H. S. with an avalanche of field goals. For M. B. A., as usual, Call was the star on the offense. He made 19 of M. B. A.'s 31 points, enough to have won the game. Holtom also played a good game, besides ringing up 4 field goals.

For Central High the goal shooting of White deserves mention. One of the main features of the game was the yelling of the Central High girls, who went wild every time a M. B. A. man missed a shot. The M. B. A. line-up was as follows: L. F., McEwen, Templeton; R. F., Call; C. Holtom, Hendrick; R. G., Brown; L. G., Minton (c).

* * *

M. B. A., 27; B. G. A., 19

On January 28th our team defeated B. G. A. at Franklin. The superior passing of our team and the goal shooting of Call figured largely in our victory. The result was never in doubt, as our team took a lead in the first few minutes of play that B. G. A. could never overcome.

The score at the end of the first half was, M. B. A., 11; B. G. A., 6. In the second half B. G. A. made a desperate rally, which was stopped, however, before any damage was done. The M. B. A. team as a whole played well. However,

(Continued on Page 18)

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Mr. Bland Roberts, '12, who is now going to Vanderbilt, came out to the school recently and made a talk on school spirit. He made a fine talk and those who heard him were glad they had an opportunity to do so.

* * *

Mr. Ralph Totten, the United States consul-at-large in Europe, is in Nashville visiting his parents. An unsuccessful effort has been made to have him speak at the Academy, but we hope that he can be secured before he returns to Europe.

* * *

Tom Remy, our former alumni editor, has left school, and is in business with his father in Nashville.

* * *

We were visited recently by "Shaky" Hart, who has been working at Mussel Shoals.

* * *

Claude Jackson, '19, has a position with the N., C. & St. L. Ry., and is the business manager of the N., C. & St. L. *News Item*. We are glad to see that the experience he gained while the business manager of the BULLETIN is useful to him. We wish him much success with the paper.

* * *

Lanier Boddie, '18, is in the real estate business in Texas.

* * *

W. H. Morton, '88, is doing well in the insurance business.

Earl Shell, '19, is in college at Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

Malcom McClure, '18, is in one of the oil towns of Texas.

* * *

Harris Hubbs, '19, is on a cotton plantation in West Tennessee.

* * *

"Hack" Righton, '19, is with the Red Milling Company of Nashville.

* * *

Robert Curtis, '20, has a position in the Nashville post-office.

* * *

Frank Diehl, '19, is with the Diehl & Lord Bottling Works.

* * *

Phil Harrison, '16, is doing well at Vanderbilt.

* * *

Bill Ogden, '19, is at the Cincinnati School of Engineering.

* * *

Ellis Huggins, '17, has a position in the Federal Reserve Bank at Nashville.

* * *

Minos Fletcher, '19, is in Vanderbilt.

* * *

Fred "Bunp" Reyer, '18, is in Vanderbilt.

* * *

"Duke" Donnan, '19, is a student at the telephone company.

* * *

Lewis Curry, '15, is with the Freeland & Roberts Construction Company.

* * *

Richard Frank, '19, is farming.

* * *

Richard Metcalf, '19, is doing star work at Sewanee, and will probably go to Berlin when he receives his B.S. degree.



The MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Peabody Volunteer — Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Bayonet—Tennessee Military Institute, Sweetwater, Tenn.

Wallace World—Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Williams Wedge—Williams School, Gallatin, Tenn.

The Whip—Lebanon High School, Lebanon, Tenn.

Orange and White—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

The Battle Ground Breeze—Battle Ground Academy, Franklin, Tenn.

The Megaphone—McFerrin School, Martin, Tenn.

The Booster—Kingsport High School, Kingsport, Tenn.

The Megaphone—Davidson County High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Echo—Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Polytechnic — Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

Cadet Days—St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

The Cue—Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

Purple and Gold—High School, Clarksville, Tenn.

The News Item—Nashville, Tenn.

The Wigwam—Yakima High School, Yakima, Wash.

The Herald—Castle Heights Military Academy, Lebanon, Tenn.

IN OUR OPINION

The Peabody Volunteer—The best paper that comes to our reading table. Your editorials and jokes are fine. The construction of your paper is splendid.

The Bayonet—Your editor must be a genius from the form of his editorials.

Wallace World—You always have good stories.

The Williams Wedge—Your editorial, "Over-organization," is worthy of much praise. In fact, it is the best we have had the honor to read in any of our exchanges, as yet.

The Whip—We admire your spirit as a beginner. If you would increase the size of your paper, we think it would help considerably.

Orange and White—You have entirely too many advertisements in your paper. The rest of the paper is well constructed.

The Battle Ground Breeze—We have no criticism to make.

The Megaphone (McFerrin)—Your paper shows much school spirit and is very nicely constructed.

The Booster—The printing of your paper is very poor. We advise you to have this corrected. Your jokes are good.

The Megaphone—Your jokes are good and you have plenty of them.

The Echo—"The Tragedy of Mac and Beth" is very good. As usual, the rest of the paper is well edited.

The Polytechnic—Full of school spirit. An ideal college paper. We think it an honor to be on your exchange list.

Cadet Days—Your paper would serve as a good catalogue, as most of the news is about your school. We admire the spirit you show in all of your columns.

The Cue—Your exchange editor is certainly on the job. His criticisms are the best and most complete of any exchange editors we have had to criticize as yet.

Purple and Gold—A fine paper. Full of snap. Your jokes and editorials are fine.

The News Item—We're for you and wish you all kinds of success.

The Wigwam—One of our best exchanges. Jokes always good, and plenty of school spirit.

The Herald—We like the idea of you making your jokes personal.

* * *

Students small, students tall,
Students very lean;
Some are fat, but worse than that,
The majority are green.

—*The Booster.*

* * *

Freshman: "I am trying to get ahead."

Sophomore: "You need one."—*The Williams Wedge.*

M. B. A., 27; B. G. A., 19

(Continued from Page 13)

the goal shooting of Call and the guarding of Brown deserves special mention. Britt and Hatcher were the outstanding stars for B. G. A.

Although the game was played at Franklin, the M. B. A. supporters both outnumbered and outrooted those from B. G. A. We are glad to see the school take such an interest in the basketball team, and hope they will continue to do so.

The line-up was as follows:

M. B. A.		B. G. A.
McEwen, Templeton	F.	Britt
Call, Russell	F.	Corlett (c), House
Haltom, Hendrick, Hines	C.	Hatcher
D. Brown, Manning	G.	Bowman, Roberts
Minton (c), Martin	G.	Roberts, Pinkerton

Summary—Field goals: Call, 7; Holtom, 3; McEwen, 1; Templeton, 1; Martin, 1. Foul goals: Call, 1; Corlett, 3; Britt, 2. Referee: Neely. Timekeeper: Ashley.

THE RACE

(Continued from Page 5)

to him, "If Lancaster wins this score, I must win it for her, because Smith has probably been hurt." When he reached the three-quarters post, his legs felt weak and he could hardly see the track before him. Then came the last grueling stretch, and here was where Dick proved his worth. The distance between him and the finishing point seemed an endless space, but those footsteps behind urged him on, and with every ounce of strength left in his body, he made one final spurt. Then he felt the tape break across his chest and he fainted away, falling into the outstretched arms of some Lancaster rooters, who carried him to the gymnasium in an unconscious condition. The first thing he saw when he came to, was the face of Tom Smith.

"Well, old fellow," Smith was saying, "you beat me fair and square."

"You don't mean to say you finished too," Dick gasped. "I thought you dropped out in the first of the race."

"I have a good joke on you then," said Smith smiling. "That was me behind you all the time. I tried to catch up with you, but the faster I ran the faster you ran. By the way, I just met your father. He said for you to make haste and dress, because there is a friend outside who wants to see you."

Capt. Jacques: "What is a dry dock?"

Ike Lurya: "A thirsty physician."—*Cadet Days*.

Betty: "If you must eat onions, for land's sake, don't breathe it to a soul."—*The Megaphone*.

Prospective Guest: "How much are your rooms?"

Clerk: "Two dollars up to twelve."

Guest: "How much are they up to half-past nine?"—*The Wallace World*.